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SMOKE

Editor

Susanna Valentine Mitchell

Assistant Editors

David Cornel DeJong Edward North Robinson

West Barrington, Rhode Island

Measure of Time

I

No measure timed for youth in all this hard world!
So hemmed about with the unending star-years,
Star chained to far star, dissipant comets furled
In a dark mantled ordering that never veers;
Light become slave to mensurable time-flow,
Time lamed and halting, so do seconds, sharp split,
Cloven and broken to their fractions, climb slow
Million on million down the minute's deep pit.
How place child's heart-beat in the thunder's crashed light?
Slow beat, pulse beat, zero to all far space,
Mountain unmovable to the atom's flashed flight—
Zero's infinity, in the atom's star race.
Pillow your head, child, night may be short, long—
No matter, heart-beats measure your dreams song.

II

This creep, creep, inching forward of old, sly Time!
Now it's a foot, a yard—yet we saw none move:
Time nor his shadow? No,—but on his high climb
Into the noon you cannot see the sun move.
You see the motion, Sun and Time, as great, lean
Hills cleave them sharply in hot descent to breed Night:
Night, and his shadow, Sleep, to wipe the slate clean—
There is no time in dark sleep: the hours need light.
So shall our memories vanish, night sleep, day-torn,
All sensuous images that once poor youth wove,
Ravel to discard—yet once were gay, worn
Like a bright scarf at the sweet throat of love.
This creep, creep, inching forward shall erase youth:
Man's but his knowing shadow in the day's truth.

CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE

Anniversary

Think, Dictator, in your health,
How the bullet drilled its mile.
Thus the universe itself
May be lost in Death's dark smile.

Time is late though . . flags have swung
Year-long in triumphant breeze.
Only secret grief at home
Mourns young men's eternities.

Think, Dictator, what parade
Waits bare-headed now in rain.
Will they hail you from death-shade,
Caesar of the youthful slain?

Grand Tour

In Brittany I saw the North
Make festival as flowers sway.
The dancer whirled the peasant forth,
And fisher folk rocked like the bay.

What garden, blooming in Versailles,
Can trim the rugged step like joy?
What fountain splash the sunbeam high
As shouting mirth stout lungs employ?

From plaza shade I watched the South
With carnival and music foam,
Till vineyard workers hot of mouth
Lurched gay with market maidens home.

And East or West there is no bar
To merriment but iron mind,
That shadows Aphrodite's star,
And breaks the tendril Bacchus twined.

LINCOLN FITZELL

After Atlantis

FOUNDLINGS ON THE VACANT SHORE

Something out of the span these men came,
out of the distance, and the water-walking
with broken blades:
                something out of the fumble
to count night folded into day
and back again—and make the total even:
something out of many things,
so when their eyes crossed the panel of sand
they could take the forest without disbelief:

Backward: the sea, and water—
Forward: the earth, and water—
out of liquid to liquid, to pour life
down their crusted throats;
                and many times
along that new found beach the bare prints of feet
went up and down—visual of the joy
for hard earth caught close between the toes:

Destruction: under the water their births,
sea deepened over homes,
                death the meals
of their families—these mad men who had cried
in the hollow sky, that gave them back
not even an echo; these ghosts
whose land had died in a prank of ocean—
but had left them life—

Construction: men out of the hustle of things
builded and useful, cannot for too long
sit in a huddle of talk eddied in circles
and forever returning:

SMOKE

To clip out the branches
and swing up the walls of the fragile hut
(rebirth must have a beginning),
to ravel a road
down through the warp of the tight forest,
to merge, and to fabricate laws, to start
on the breeding of new life out of the old:

Strange were the tones of the birds that sang—
and unfamiliar the structure and flavor
of the beasts—
This was a new land,
and the plants were new;
yet the hills
crouched or stood in the way of all hills,
and the cycle of time as inscrutable—
This was a vacant shore,
and they were the men
—the only men—yet they were enough—
to create—

To take the plot
of a woods-bound clearing—and build—
up,
with only the tension of hands,
and the wrinkles of pasty stuff
that was locked in the holds of their skulls. . . .

LAWRENCE A. HARPER

Sonnets To The Dark Harvest

1.

Steady with frost the furrow when our seeds
Sank deep in earth. And all that rotted there
Had left no trace upon the wide, sharp air.
So blind were we and young, with gallant creeds
Native to heart before the stilled heart bleeds.
And what cared we to see the still bones stare
Impotent at the sky while everywhere
Fell thin that fruitless sun where nothing breeds?

How could we know the earth was raped by frost
Or that the chilling womb would bear a small
Mis-shapen thing? We never saw that soil.
The wind hard-frozen in our eyes had tossed
Up darkness there. We never saw the tall
Reeds break but heard instead our quick blood boil.

2.

No growing season sweet with sun and rain
Was ours. That ecstacy belonged to those
First men, before they found the pitted snows
Or saw the last horizon sink again
Into the sea. Our seed took root in plain
That knew too well the feeble sun and throes
Of swelling ice that could not break but rose
In foamless crest against the knife-wind's pain.

We found ourselves alone in some great gap
Between the helpless earth and hard, bright skies,
Clawing the air with frantic thoughts to find
One solid thing. And only fear would slap
The hard tears back behind our tortured eyes
And freeze in frenzied circles in the mind.

3.

Forgotten and a stranger to our eyes
The tardy spring stood breathless at the door,
Her shadow like a flame upon the floor.
And sudden sounds of wings across the skies
Stirred deep in earth a thousand shaken cries
That one by one welled up the quickening core,
Shivered with madness all the air and tore
Like music through the darkness in our eyes.

Quiet and long we stood in yellow sun,
Viewing that small and twisted flower that rose
Unsteady from the earth. It was not fair,
But we had fashioned it, and surely done
All man may ever do with life that sows
In him frail seeds too beautiful to bear.

PEGGY SIMSON

Traveller On Intellect

Unless you would have worms inside your heart
And poisoned eyes quite blind to other sight,
Go into farther streets, and keep apart
From these, from these cold stones of night.

Unless you would fling your small strength of breast
Against these darkened walls, against the wind
So strangely cold, and be no more impressed
By doorways you have known, and would be pinned

To floors that you have never walked; to stones
And steps that you have never climbed—remain.
But first discard the flesh, the jointed bones;
Bring only the ascendent brain.

DAVID SACHS

The Death of Antonio El Camborio

by Federico Garcia Lorca

According to a *London Times* despatch, Federico Garcia Lorca was shot by the Spanish rebels near Granada in the autumn of 1936

Voices of death were resounding
  down by the Guadalquivir,
sounds from the dead past, surrounding
  one voice too virile and clear.
Cornered and downed, he gnashed boar-like,
  slashed through their boots to the knees,
sprang from their grasp as a dolphin
  foams out from under a keel,
while with their blood his red neckcloth
  darkened to carmine more deep.
But they were four blades to one blade:
  needs must—he fell at their feet.
Then at the hour when the first stars
  stab the grey water with spears,
then when veronicas' flower-swirls
  trouble the yearling-bulls' dreams,
voices of death were resounding
  down by the Guadalquivir.

Antonio Torres Heredia
  Camborio with mane like frieze,
dark as a green moon is swarthy,
  voice all too virile and clear:
Who were your dastard assassins
  down by the Guadalquivir?
My own four cousins Heredia,
  the boys from Benamejí.
What they'd not envy in others,
  those things they envied in me:

shoes of corinthian color,
  medals of rich ivory,
and—kneaded often with olives
  scented with jasmine—my cheeks.

Ay! Antonito Camborio,
  worthy an empress's zeal,
come, meditate on the Virgin;
  think, for your death's drawing near.
Ay! Federico García,
  call on the Guardia Civil!
Ay! ay! my straight back is broken,
  snapped like a corn-stalk in three.

Three spurts of red blood he spurted,
  died with his profile revealed—
profile of live coin which surely
  no mint will ever repeat.
One ponderous angel arranges
  cushions beneath the smooth cheek;
others with tired blushes lighting
  Roman oil lamps as they kneel.
Then when the cousins Heredia
  get back to Benamejí,
voices of death stopped resounding
  down by the Guadalquivir.

(Translation of Sherry Mangan)

Poem

Who'll hold up these tottering walls
But he who squeezed them out of space?
But the mean houses on the walls
Will be destroyed and make a place.

It's He I mean and He means me
I hope, and all but those
Who built the houses on the walls
Of straws, and twigs, and snows.

Then we will breathe his air again,
Did he not make it for us all?
But they who blocked his air from us
Will hear it whistling in their fall.

I shall not hate but where he hates,
Could I just love as he!
My shriveled wrinkled heart I'd sponge
In mercy's emulity.

Who knows the love of God? Not I
Yet I may ask to love.
Oh, let the hatreds be dispelled!
Oh, let his justice move!

OSMOND BECKWITH

Bed-Time

Through the louring dark,
alone, afraid,
a man with a lantern
carries a spade.

He had sat by the fire,
his book all read,
'til the ghost of his father
beckoned to bed,

turning in shadow
across the sill,
crooking a finger
as fathers will.

He rose as meekly
as any child could
to follow his father
into the wood.

With spade and lantern,
a prayer in his head
that he find in the dark
a quiet bed.

He turns back the sod
by the meadow's rim.
He knows his father
will cover him.

TONY PALMER

The Overthrown

These, the earth battered
And the sky oppressed.
Nothing that mattered
They held or guessed.

Their speech was a broken,
Forgettable word.
Their protest, brute-spoken,
No god has heard.

To nothing worth making
Did they set their hand;
Their huts fall quaking
To the tumbled sand.

They were dark pagans,
And the dark reclaims
Their arms and wagons
And uncouth names.

They are lost from the races
That the suns regard.
Their holy places
Are desert or sward.

Their blood was spittle
And sharp decay;
Their bones prove brittle
As unfired clay.

From their stubborn groins
All valors stem. . .
But the breed of their loins
Never heard of them.

Grace for Destructive Elements

Now God be praised for the strong wind,
That strips the dead branch from the tree;
And for the vigilant tides, that cleanse
Fouled shores continually.

And God be thanked for rust, that takes
The faithless blade, the broken share;
And for the purging fire, that turns
Unsightliness to air.

And God be blessed for sleep, the knife
That cuts from mind its festered part;
And for the insistent years, that set
Oblivion on the heart.

RACHEL HARRIS CAMPBELL

Sonnet

This flesh, this plaster of mortality,
On loosely vertebrated architraves;
Two dozen ribs for laths, the thorax's staves,
Or we should go to pieces utterly;
And one incredible accessory:
A mind that can make gadgets for our caves
And interrupt the sextons digging graves;
Yet that part too, without a guarantee.

Add nothing to this mortal inventory;
One pitiless subtraction make at death;
A paragraph in six-point, blurred and sorry,
That needs God's affidavit to be right:
Who can not cloud a mirror with his breath,
Yields of amorphous ash a quart,—not quite—

GEORGE WITTER SHERMAN

Back to Your Tents, Oh Israel

Our tents were purple, and the private sky
at which they pointed dripped gold into
our thoughts; in the dawn we saw all the high
mountains hewn by God himself, in the dew
of evening we heard His hinds make noise beside
the fountains; but when moons were sweet and long,
we too dreamed of Rachel's braided hair, her wide
eyes, and then forbidden wonders grew strong.

Shorn were our easy fields at last, and far
drifted our faith with the swallows. Age proved
it was a month for verities, that every star
and sun would follow youth to battle; unmoved
we listened, recalling the hinds, and at the whir
of dawn we painted our home in fabulous hues.
Here the picture hangs; but the crayons were
laughter and tears, those we dare no longer use.

Through so many streets we have walked; chapped
or polished walls gave shadow, harsh sound
and red nights wound the cocoons wherein we wrapped
decalogues to be learned in a regimented round
of mortared seasons. Strange, that often we saw
from a bridge the moon we sometimes used to hold
in our hands; but the river beneath was raw,
and the sky could only be purchased with gold.

Back to our tents? We looked at the scene we drew
And hung on the walls of our hearts. We smiled.
This is a chromium year, green houses stamp through
polka dot Saturday afternoons, lovingly piled
with sunless faces. However, this is the last scene
we did: an iron bridge, with its watchmen strung prone
from the girders, the sky brown. It may be a lean
heritage we hold, but we call our souls our very own.

In Memoriam

Here, where the grass is lusher than. . .
Here, where winds bleach, and the sun. . .
Here lies my son. . . Over him silence
And noise go on as over anything once man
But now just bone. The days go on.

Ask me in voices tuned to grey. . .
I know no answer, none was given me
When yearning meant food, when words paraded
The banners of truth, none when faith lay
At last on its utmost bed and ceased to be.

I fed him patience, peace. I wrapped
All his breathing in hope; and what I knew
Of love I planted where his mind mellowed
And could taste. . . There was no drum I tapped
For war. But evil came, and evil grew.

Was he unarmed? . . . But, he stood straight,
Lifting his neck, holding very high
His head, squaring his strength. Alone—he stumbled
And lay in blood and flies and groans. No great
Angel was there to slake his awful cry.

Why chisel lecture, praise or even name
Here where he is again alone? Save breath
And motion for an otherwise purpose, till even
The stones cry out against this that came
Dripping with death. . . Here he lies, armored with death.

David Cornel DeJong

Camphor Portals

"Apprenez à l'enfant
à prier les flotes blues"
(Comte Robt. de Montesquiou)

The child utters to the star
motions of prayers at mimic sea surges
whose lamps remain idle at evening

These remote orisons ascend the knees sadly
The child utters to the wave
a melody of interchangeable gravities

And it is at an intaglio of noon
in a child's cool mind
a word in a world of birds

near the sky in the highest places
that a child decrees the pure act
of motion with swift gilding

among an equal foliage of clouds

Byron A. Vazakas

Without Inscription in Latin

No blot remains of the dead
Who lie in the field—
They were sponged up long ago
Their costumes sopped with them
And their odorous breasts

As for the marble dead
The talcum of their heroic bones is wiped clean
Leaving on banisters a kind of glow
And a graining of white

But the dog Poetry is still
Scratching the roots of the tree
Still nosing the crevices of the court
Still howling on the staircases by the big chandeliers

HAROLD ROSENBERG

Teachers

Here in this time providers of home,
Teachers, manufacturers of lives, him,
Her, and him, fears for self and the home.
Smothered, frightened by blacklist,
And the torments of being lost.

Days of the same roll by in rut:
Poverty lives in want in blind route,
Forced without end in the same rut.
Minds know what signs to attack
In this death but dare not touch.

Aging through the same coiled streets
Wrought in webs of hazard straits;
Familiar in betrayed streets.
Having and not having of this life;
Afraid to be the real belief.

VINCENT FERRINI

Awakening

This is a saga of corn, parched,
Standing uncut in October. Three
Hundred miles east and west, four hundred miles
North and South. Corn, parched,
Black and dull gold in endless fields.

No cobs for firewood
In Iowa
No warmth for winter

The Bible Belt looks
Up from nomad's wisdom
Out upon uncut corn

There is no Canaan
For Iowans
No Canaan save Iowa

How cross this Dead Sea
Sun-baked corn sea
With no word from
God?

A saga of cornfields, dwarfed
By a too-potent sun—with no
Turning back to New England, no
Retracing the covered wagon trail:

Caught in the web of corn
Iowans must stay in Iowa
Dakotans in Dakota
Nebraskans in Nebraska.

The corn writes new prophecies
As new images, born from sun-baked
Stream beds
Stalk real as crows across
Near-desert plains.

June 29

The brass bed with its raspberry-sherbet
Coverlet is temporary we think.
The miniature gas radiator
(Iron, painted silver) is streaked
With stains where many matches—before ours—
Have struck. This too will pass
We think: with mismated curtains,
Muslin, and unloved wicker chairs.

The pictures of our minds do not hang
On these walls—yours, taught by
Sea, sun, ancient Spirit of the Sky;
Mine, eclectic. Seeing all these things
We somehow do not see.
The tramway bell as it rings
Is a new world that sings
And light drips through dark panes
Where no light is—

Except when fear comes.
Then dull refrains count
Pitilessly the hours. The ear
Hears love still—but differently.
Love alone turns
Savage for its own.

FRANCES FLETCHER

Noon

The day is neatly balanced now,—
Meticulously, mind, perceive
The trivialities which allow
Our lives, like Damocles, reprieve.

It is a thing of grace,—no less—
That rarely do our staring eyes,
Unliddedly, with awe, possess
The torturing vision of the wise.

Diurnally we living take
Our lives, nor heed the knife that falls,
For horizontal minds forsake
The riddling sky above the walls.

The sun provides no angle now,
The melon-flowers droop straightly down,
Unharnessed horses leave the plow,
The hammering echoes fade from town.

Let us delight in casual thought,
Forgetting silence that we join
Tomorrow; men have always bought
The peace they have with trivial coin.

Ornaments of High Esteem

It is a trick of magickry,
Like making seed become a tree,
The mind performs, in which a glance
Is fruited with significance.

One woman's eyes I marked anew,
Foreign flowers wet with dew,
Monstrous flowers, nameless now,
Exotic flames upon a bough,
Ornaments of high esteem
Grown in gardens where men dream,
Women work in strange brocade,
Twanging instruments are played,
And fish fly over pools of jade.

In tall panache, the ostrich plumes
Weave languidly through gilded rooms,
With air too warm, and loud bronze gongs
To punctuate unending songs.

The flowers are dark, they burst in flame,—
I sink into myself in shame—
A stare should not return a glance,
While fancying significance.

KEITH THOMAS

Something Important About Night and Day

I have learned in a hard school, and by heart,
That life is Doing, and Doing's an art.
And found among other things, that
Doing's part right, part wrong whatever one's at.
I have thought at night that if a hand fell
Its singing or silence might daringly tell
The manner of moods of bewildered men.
I have heard it fall but the only sound then
Was the sound of flesh slapping space
Like an impulsive slap in the face.
And it seemed too that a cry if flung
On the unseen edge of sky and along
The hostile path of stars, might say
Something important about night and day.
But the cry was too individual a note.
Its courage shocked the timorous throat
Back against dull-witted, noisy silence.
But the hand and cry were a worthy challenge
Coming from a hard school and a heart
Schooled more in Doing that in art.

Destination

The leaves, like shifty eye patches on a cloud,
Run about crazily, run in hoards
As great as a subway rush-hour crowd.
The leaves, like passengers, run towards
Darkness or light, some destination
The wind designates or the conductor
Calls as the get-off stops of a nation—
Or the get-on stops of an invading victor.

ALBERT CLEMENTS

Streets

Laid down
A strong-meshed net
Across the city;

Stopped at the river's edge
(Useless to try
Confining rivers)

Tied by two strong cords across
Bridging the stream;
Anchored on the other side
To master highways

The city must stay there.
It is caught in the web
Of streets.

Nocturne

The muted air stirs not a leaf
  Upon the silent trees;
No vagrant leaf dare make protest.
  The rain falls.

Within the low-roofed cottage walls
  Slim fingers touch the keys
In soft-toned chords; a loved voice sings.
  My home calls.

Rain falls and falls upon my head
Making me one with tree and weed;
And music falls upon my ear—
  O strength,
Thy strength is spirit's need!

SPAHR HOURLLAND

Abracadabra

CITY INTERSECTION SUNSET

Shopglass frames
Grain and blue
Turn the clock
The hour's hue

Solid cars
The fanning frames
Make the clock
What the low light names

Glass and gravel
Two in one
The level light's
In a double run

Countered round
And squarely wrought
The dim-halved sun
Is one self-thought

Glass-ground shadow
Grain-wall sky
Limit the place as
A place to die
Shape the thought
As a place to fly

Bread and Butter

He regrets his passing out of life
to worlds of action, extra-tones
of action expediency pressure,
into the assumption
of manly suave or weak cool voices
—the latter for the old in power
or the ignorant to whom
he should be supple and retiring

He feels, he sees a gap
between these models and himself
where lie the yachts on
stony saffron waves—
twenty feet beneath the after deck
he stands to see the Alexanders glitter
and the canopy observant of
the stormy sky and summer.

And then he rests content,
grinning at rewards before his time.
He counts the masts and funnels, pleased
and disturbed: why not fight closer?
What do they feel—the ones who earn?
This knowledge stays his peak.

SCOTT LANDERS

Genetics

Jasper attends the four-o'clocks,
The white, the pink, the red,
To tie a prim deliberate tag
On each dihybrid head.

Twenty summers his graph swings over
The red, the pink, the white.
But once he has bred a golden bloom,
Recessive, impolite.

Jasper's a blasted four-o'clock
And his wife is a swart sand storm.
But they have bred a daughter, a daughter,
Honey- pale, warm. . . .

Something laughs in the clean space
Between sun and earth
With the gay rough hoot of a horn blowing
In unregenerate mirth.

BELLE TURNBULL

Imprint

Here was a sudden white tranquility
A strand that no imprint had pressed before,
Here was a bluer batik on the sea,
Here was a brighter coral on the shore.
Under the scorch and crackle of the sun
I stretched me naked on the shining beach,
Naked I laid my dull limbs one by one
As I have laid old linens out to bleach.
Out of my body passed the weight and strain
Of duties born, the merciless demand
Of muscles to be moved. All time, all pain
Slipped from my body to the blistered sand.
With the sundown I rose and stole away
Lest I should see an imprint where I lay.

Eaglesmere

Long after cities sound upon my ear
I shall remember this of Eaglesmere

A young fawn, nostrils widened to the gale,
A buck in velvet on the narrow trail

The lichened fragrance, never quite forgot,
Of fallen hemlock, sweet, and loose with rot.

Dark laughter swelling suddenly to break
To crystal silence on the moonless lake.

And lean and long and slowly stifling all
Sinews of laurel rusting to the fall.

LYSBETH BOYD BORIE

Threnody For One Too Young

Give her the moonlight—
Child of night descending the dark stairs!
Give her the water-image,
Tremulous yearning through the lengthening years;
For she seeks song where no song is
—For lonely ears.

She has known the sycamore before dawn,
Drawn against the purple sky;
She has held the passion flower
Flaked out of snow, too soft to lie;
She has sent the bright bird for those of us
Who must fly high.

This likeness of her I have seen dwelling
in the brooding aspens,
This form of her has flitted through
and closed the door,
Her eyes have pierced me and I could not answer
Though my silence rose beyond the sea wind's roar.

Give her the moonlight—
She has no need for fire,
Repayment in the aisle of dreams,
Her first desire.
And when she wakes
(if ever waking be,)
May this long dark I live
Be light as she.

H. Nelson Hooven

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CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE *Measure of Time*
is the author of *Hoxsie Sells His Acres*. The poems here printed are from his new novel in verse

LINCOLN FITZELL *Anniversary, Grand Tour*
is one of our frequent contributors

LAWRENCE A. HARPER *After Atlantis*
also appears in SMOKE frequently. He is the editor *An Abbreviated Anthology* to be launched in the Fall.

PEGGY SIMSON *Sonnets to the Dark Harvest*
appears in SMOKE for the first time. She lives in Walden, Colorado

DAVID SACHS *Traveller on Intellect*
from Chicago, Illinois, is another newcomer to our pages

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA *The Death of Antonito El Camborio*
appears here posthumously and translated by

SHERRY MANGAN
who is the author of several distinctive books of prose and poetry

OSMOND BECKWITH *Poem*
formerly of Michigan, now lives in New York City. He has appeared with us before

TONY PALMER *Bed-Time*
is a new contributor who sends us his poetry from Boston, Mass.

RACHEL HARRIS CAMPBELL *The Overthrown, Grace for Destructive Elements*
like so many of the other contributors of this number comes to us unheralded, and from California

GEORGE WITTER SHERMAN *Sonnet*
appears with us for the second time. He lives in Mount Vernon, Wash.

DAVID CORNEL DEJONG *Back to Your Tents, Oh Israel, In Memoriam*
was recently awarded a Houghton-Mifflin Literary Fellowship

BYRON A. VAZAKAS *Camphor Portals*
from Reading, Pennsylvania, makes his initial appearance in SMOKE

HAROLD ROSENBERG *Without Inscription in Latin*
is reprinted, with apologies from the editors, who credited his poem to David Schubert in the number previous to this

VINCENT FERRINI *Teachers*
has appeared in SMOKE before under his pseudonym Vincent Ferrous

FRANCES FLETCHER *Awakening, June 29*
also from California, is the author of several volumes of poetry and has appeared previously in SMOKE

KEITH THOMAS *Noon, Ornaments of High Esteem*
has appeared in these pages before. He lives in Mission, Texas.

ALBERT CLEMENTS *Something Important About Night and Day, Destination*
is well known to poetry magazine readers

SPAHR HOURLLAND *Streets, Nocturne*
this time also appears from California

SCOTT LANDERS *Abracadabra, Bread and Butter*
sends us his poetry from Hollywood, California

BELLE TURNBULL *Genetics*
varies the locality a little by appearing from Colorado

LYSBETH BOYD BORIE *Imprint, Eaglesmere*
from Rydal, Pa., has appeared in *Harpers, Forum, Saturday Review*

H. NELSON HOOVEN *Threnody for One Too Young*
has appeared previously in SMOKE. He lives in Coolville, Ohio